

Poetry.

From the Western Quarterly Review.
To a Belle.

Thou of a Queenly brow,
Amid a train of parasites there standing,
One talking to thee—one a banquet handing,
Another gazing on thy form commanding;
Come, wander with me now,
From thy charmed circle and accustomed smile,
And let me share thy WOMAN'S SECRET smile!

Look round upon the world!
Is't not a glorious time to see its brightness—
The stars are out, and an auroral whiteness
Glistens along the north; the air is lightness.
The tree leaves are all furled,
And thou and I can listen now apart
To the great beatings of the Eternal heart!

What—lo! its glory was this!
Has it so soon in silence steeped thy laughter?
Then shall my missive angel follow after,
And may the winds of halcyon feeling waft her!

Lady, since first I saw thee,
My heart hath yearned to whisper in thine ear
A voice of truth—how unaccompanied there!

Don't thou know what thou art?
A jewel all immortal set in glory—
Radiant as Diana throned on mountains hoary—
Charming like Circe of the olden story—
To thee was given a heart—
A mind of brightness; wings to soar on high
And bless mankind with blessings of the sky!

What hast thou done with these?
Learned how to dress forthwith with choice election—
To smother French that scarce will bear inspection—
To wait and move with skill beyond correction;
And thou hast power to please
With graceful nods, and artificial smiles,
Smooth speeches, and a thousand petty wiles.

These bring thee the reward!
A train of shallow, sensuous fools for lovers,
Whom thou dost scorn as each his suit discovers,
But still another band around thee hovers,
With pleading looks and hard;
And thou art touted as Queen among the graces,
And even talked of at the watering places!

And so thou liv'st thy life,
Without an object save that each day bringeth—
No quest of pleasure in thy bosom springeth—
No bird of beauty in thy eye singeth—
Nor thy bosom life
With happy thoughts that come from deeds of worth.

That fall like dew-drops on the thirsty earth!
Lily, forget these things,
And turn to nobler themes for thine aspiring—
Lain true woman's soul be thy desiring—
A soul as noble as the spirit's flying
Their songs by heaven's clear springs;
Thyself its temple, in which all my eye
Through actions pure, th' adorning; Daily!

Then there shall be the form
Of a dear angel lent to human weakness,
To bless with gentle smiles the couch of sickness—
To tread the path of light in graceful meekness,
The rainbow of the storm!
And thou shalt learn in perfect womanhood
The dignity, the power of doing good!

Then, too, shalt thou be loved—
Not by mere shallow worldlings; but the noble
Whom shine in genius' galaxy, and double
The smiles of Heaven to this world of trouble,
Will hold thee worthy prove;
And the high hearted will thy presence seek,
And in thine ear a grateful passion speak!

And thou wilt be the wife
Of one whom thou canst prize o'er any other,
And thou shalt hold each brave companion brother,
And when his noble soul shall call thee mother,
Thou in thy truest life,
Shalt by thy generous joys and transports tell
How vain a thing it was to be a Belle!

The Men of Old.

Well speed thy mission, knight!
Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,
If with dry eye and cold unloving heart
Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of the Past.
By the great Future's dazzling hopes made blind
To all the beauty, power, and truth, behind,
Not without reverent awe should'st thou put by
The cypress branches and the amaranth bloom,
Where, with clasped hands of prayer, upon their tomb
The effigies of old confessors lie,
Or the white robes of the Voice of his will,
Heard in the slow march of the centuries still!
Such were the men at whose rebuking frown,
Dark with God's wrath the tyrant's knee went down;
Such from the terrors of the guilty deed
The vassal's freedom and the poor man's due,
St. Aschil, who may rest for evermore
In heaven's sweet peace! forbid of old the sale
Of men as slaves, and from the Church's pale
Hurled the Northumbrian buyers of the poor,
St. Ambrose cast down the sacred plate—
Image of saint, chalice and the pix,
Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.

"MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN TEMPLES!" he replied
To such as came his holy word to chide.
And brave Cæsar, stripping armor bare,
And coming from the Abbey's golden door
The captive's freedom, answered to the prayer
Or threat of those whose fierce zeal for the Lord
Sifted their love of man—"An earthly dish
The last and supper of the Master bore:
Most miserable sinners, do ye wish?
More than your Lord, and grudge His dying poor
What you own pride, and not His need requires?
Souls, than these shining gauds, He values more;
Mercy, not sacrifice, His heart desires."

Oh faithful worthies! resting far behind,
In your dark Ages, since ye fell asleep
Much has been done for truth and all human kind—
Shadows are scattered, wherein ye groped blind,
Man claims his birthright, freer pulses leap
Through people driven in your day like sheep;
Yet, like your own, our Age's sphere of light,
Though widening still, is walked around by night;
With slow, reluctant eye the Church has read,
Skeptical at heart, the lessons of its Head;
Counting, too oft, its living members less
Than the wall's garish and the pulpit's dress;
World-moving zeal, with power to bless and feed
Life's fainting pilgrims, oh, how little we need!

Instead of bread, holds out the stone of creed;
Sect builds and worships where its Wealth and Pride

And Vanity stand shined and deified,
Careless that in the shadow of its walls
God's living temple into ruin falls.
We need, mistletoe, the prophet hero still,
Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of will,
To tread the land, even now, as Xavier trod
The streets of Goa, barefoot with his bell
Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,
And startling tyrants with the fear of hell!
Soft words, smooth prophecies are doubtless well,
But, to rebuke the Age's popular crime,
We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old time.
J. C. W.

Miscellaneous.

Doctor's Bills.

The folly of dabbling in medicine is very pleasantly hit off in the following humorous verses.

"About four years ago I was happily married to a very prudent lady, and, being of the same disposition myself, we made a very prudent couple. Sometime after our marriage, my wife told me that doctor's bills were very high, and that, as we could not always expect to be free from disease, she thought it best to purchase some doctors' books, and thus, said she with a smile, 'we can steal their trade at once.' This I agreed to and made it my particular business to attend all auctions of books, in order to buy medical works at the lowest rate. In fine, in less than twelve months, I had bought a couple of 'Dispensaries,' 'Buchen's Family Physician,' two or three treatises on the art of preserving health, by different authors; seven treatises on the diseases of children, and divers others of the greatest note. My wife spent all the time she could spare from the economy of her household, in studying them, and as soon as my store was up in the evening, I edified myself with a few receipts from Dispensatory.

As soon as spring arrived, my dear wife informed me that she found it positively enjoined by some of our writers, that we must swallow a large dose of tartar and brimstone, to be taken every evening for three weeks, in molasses; this the whole family, I reckon first; my wife, my brother Dick, who lives with me; my son and my daughter, my negro boy, and the servant maid. This cure we all went through to the entire satisfaction of my wife who had the pleasure to find her medicine had the desired effect.

Soon after this, the contagion of reading medical books spread through all my family, and scarce a day passed out some of them made use of some medicine or other. My poor brother Dick, after he had permission to read my books, had acquired a dejected countenance the cause of which I could not conceive. At last he broke silence—'Brother,' said he (supposing that I had read more than himself), 'feel my pulse, I think I have too much blood, had I not better get blood? you know that if too much blood gets into the head it produces apoplexy; the symptoms of its appearance, says Galen, is remarkable redness in the face, and you see that is exactly the case with me.' I could not help laughing at him; he was indeed red in the face, but such redness as indicated the very offspring of health. Our maid, from an education at a country school, had learned to read; she curiously requested her mistress to lend her a doctor book to read on Sunday afternoon. This reasonable request was granted; but poor creature! being not of the fairest complexion in the world, she in a little while became quite low spirited, and finding my wife and me alone one evening, she came in, and ventured to express herself thus: 'La, mistress; I am concerned, and afraid I shall get the yellow jaundice, as I begin to look yellow in the face.' Decency prevented my smiling for awhile, but when she had left the room, I could not but enjoy a laugh. My negro boy is always eating roasted onions for a cold, but as he cannot read he has luckily escaped every other disorder. One night as we were about going to bed, my wife desired me in the most serious manner, that if she should ever be taken with a locked jaw that I should rub her jaw with musk, as she was convinced, from comparing the arguments of a variety of authors, that this was the best remedy. I told her there was no danger of such an event, as I had Dr. Cullen's word for it that it seldom attacked females; indeed I am convinced that a locked jawed lady is *rara acie in terris*.

Hitherto our family medicines were used with confidence and satisfaction on all sides, till I considered one day that our family, without a Doctor, had consumed more medicine in one year than my father's family used to do with the advice of a physician in six years. But one day when my wife told me she thought it would be well to weigh our food before we eat it, least we should eat too much or too little, and that SANCATORIES advised it for good reasons, I got such a disgust to our scheme, that I resolved gradually to abandon it. I am now convinced of the truth of a saying of a rational medical writer, that 'one or more things must happen to every human body—to live temperately, to use exercise, to take physic, or be sick.' And I am pretty certain, that if I and my family persevere in the two former courses, we need not be in danger of the two last."

KENTUCKY.—A writer in the Pittsburgh Gazette says that of the 140,000 voters in Kentucky, 35,000 are Emancipationists.

The South-western Indians, their Country and Condition.

We find in the *Holly Spring* (Miss.) Gazette, the following letter dated, LITTLE RIVER, Seminole Nation, April 25.

In travelling thus far we have passed thro' the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek and Seminole nations, and find that many of these wandering tribes of the family of Adam are in an advanced state of improvement and civilization. Many of them appear to be engaged in agricultural pursuits, are in affluent and easy circumstances. It appears that nature, in the arrangement of the country now in possession of the tribes of Indians, was trying her best to make a place for man's abode, no part or portion of which could be objected to, even by fault-finding men. The rivers, the valleys, the prairies, and the mountains, all appear to have been planned by some Nature to assist man in contemplating the works of Him who rules and governs all things, and preparing him for the enjoyment of that bliss which is promised only to the true and faithful beyond the grave.

Uncle Sam, in giving this splendid country for the country of these tribes East of the Mississippi, got badly cheated, and I would not give even the small portion I have seen in my travels to this place, for all they owned on our side of the "Big Drink," as they call the Mississippi River.

The Choctaws, from what I could learn in passing through the nation, are advancing more rapidly in civilization than any of the tribes on our route. They have a large number of schools interspersed throughout their whole country, and many of the Indians are men of good, practical English education. They publish a respectable paper at Doakville in the Nation, one portion in the Choctaw language and the balance in English. They have a code of laws which they rigidly enforce, as I can bear testimony. A day after we crossed a ferry through their Nation, two Indians were tried before one of the Chiefs, for horse stealing; found guilty, and stripped, tied up, and given 40 lashes, well laid on their naked backs; the whole transaction occupying about two hours. The poor fellows were almost dead when released, and were taken to the tent of a Lumbee Indian, and their wounds, which were ghastly for the whip, were rubbed over with sweet oil. They appeared grateful for the kindness of the Choctaw, but breathed vengeance against the Chief and Sheriff. It would have amused you, Mr. Gazette, to have seen the imperturbable old chief, with a stick seeing the stripes, as they were given. At 29 he caused the Sheriff to halt a moment, and then ordered him to lay on ten more for good measure. Such is the summary mode of Indian justice.

The Choctaws, as a nation, are not as far advanced in agriculture and civilization as the Choctaws, but I found many refined and well educated half-breeds and quarterbreeds among them.

The Chickasaws we saw but little of, as we passed through but a small portion of their country. They, however, appear to be rapidly improving in agricultural pursuits. Their country, however, is the most delightful in the globe.

The Creeks and Seminoles are a powerful tribe, mastering probably eight or ten thousand warriors. They, too, are improving rapidly in all that tends to peace or civilization. Some of the largest and most athletic men we have ever seen belong to these tribes. Government is now building a mission near North Canadian which will cost \$50,000, and in a few years all of the tribes whose country we have yet traveled through, will have abandoned the roving life of the Red Man, and settled down on their rich and fertile bottoms and prairies as an agricultural people. Many of those whose huts we passed on the road are, I am informed, strict observers of the Sabbath; others still work on that day. The Indians appear remarkably peaceable and friendly, and could *whiskey*, that bane of all social happiness, and that destroyer of the Red Man, be kept out of the Nation, in a few years a man might travel through all the tribes, from Fort Smith to the Pacific, without fear or molestation. It is only when drunk, or in their drunken revels, that they commit depredations against the White Man, and how could we expect anything better from a savage, when the use of same articles makes very demons of the most refined and civilized?

Remarkable Collection of Autographs.

Mr. J. K. Tefft, of Savannah, a gentleman of remarkable and persevering industry, and originally a Boston boy, favored me with a sight of his enormous collection of autographs of distinguished characters. During the last 23 years, he has obtained thirty-five thousand autographs. The more distinguished individuals have each their portraits attached. He has one volume—a large folio—containing letters from all the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and another with letters from all those who framed and signed our Constitution, accompanied with an engraving of each person. The former book would sell for \$1,500 under the hammer in London. I was much pleased with the perusal of a letter from John Adams to his intended wife, under date of July 5, 1776, in which he alludes to the signature of a document on the preceding day, which, with much confidence, he declares will eventually raise our nation to the rank of one of the first powers upon the earth. He closes his communication by an allusion to the continual changes of locality of the British Army and their present station on Staten Island, and adds, "Like Noah's dove, but without its innocence, they can find no rest."

Mr. Tefft has documents signed by all the English Kings from Henry VII. to date, with many that monarch's predecessors, the English, councilors and statesmen for centuries after century. One old paper I noticed was signed by Charles II. and eighteen English noblemen. He has documents from the crowned heads, statesmen and literati of every country in Europe, particularly in France, Shakespeare, Milton, Montesquieu, Robespierre, Mozart, Goethe, and thousands of others, have each contributed to swell his collection. An interesting letter from Kosciuszko to the lady of an officer in Charleston, closed with an affectionate inquiry as to the state of her husband's health; "for," continued he, "if he is dead I wish to marry you, as I have always been one of your particular admirers; but if he is alive and well, pray give my compliments to him." The entire collection of Mr. Tefft could probably be disposed of for \$200,000. It is the largest and best in America, if not in the world.

Mr. Wm. Humphreys, Jr., of Savannah, has collected a large number of valuable shells and reptiles, of which latter he has about two hundred varieties, principally snakes. He asserts that though there may be many poisons, yet there are but two fatal snakes in the United States—the rattlesnake, and that species of moccasin called water-rattle. From one of the former he has taken twenty-eight fangs, and he has now an enormous specimen, with eight fangs clearly visible, measuring during life sixteen inches in circumference. His shells will be exhibited at the American Fair in New-York, in October next.—*Cor. Boston Trav.*

Hired Nurses.—There is one improvement or refinement of modern society which is little to our taste, and that is *hired nurses*. Formerly it was customary for women of all classes to be familiar with the duty of attendance in a sick room, now it is a *profession* to make penance and arrange pillows. Those who, in health, are most careless in sick hands and soft cheeks, are resigned, in sickness, to the care of a stranger, while the affection of the wife, sister, daughter, or friend, that should have been the most active agent in bringing comfort or care, is often a positive injury, from not being directed by experience and skill. If women have any special sphere on earth it is that of sick-nurses, and she should be most careful to fill it out to a perfect globe. This should be a paramount part of every girl's education. We have little patience with the ignorance or indolence which suffers a woman to consign those nearest and dearest to her to the care of strangers—at the very time when, if affliction is worth anything, it is most prized, most needed. But we have no toleration for those excessively fine feelings or that delicate sensibility which is too transcendental to witness pain or suffering even for the purpose of relieving it! We have heard women declare they could not stay in a room where any one was very ill, they should certainly faint. Well, they ought to faint, and faint again until, interesting exercise becomes irksome, and they would learn to go to work to keep their blood in circulation. It is very singular there should be so much trouble providing competent nurses for the sick, where so many thousands of women appear to have little else to do than annoy the salesmen in dry goods stores.—*Pitts. Sat. Fidler.*

Land Sunk.—The Worcester Spy has a long series of particulars of the recent phenomenon at Westbrook, (Mass.) where, on the 14th inst., some forty (instead of eight) acres of land vanished, giving place to a lake and a tract of blue plastic clay. There is missing, says the Spy, some twenty acres of woodland, and about the same quantity of pasture land. Over this whole extent, the natural soil has entirely disappeared, and in its place is clay. The woodland was covered with a heavy growth of timber, the whole of which was sunk below its original level some thirty feet, leaving perpendicular walls on three sides, and gradually sloping on the other side. The trees on a portion of the same have disappeared entirely, and on another portion they are thrown out in great disorder.

From Minnesota.—The Keokuk (Iowa) Register says: We learn from a gentleman just down from St. Paul, that this place is the theatre of almost as much excitement as San Francisco, California. The emigration to that place and the surrounding country is immense. Hundreds are pouring in from all parts daily. Everything in the shape of a house is filled to overflowing, and large numbers are encamped in tents for want of house room. He says that money is very plenty, and prices of lots and other property high. A large amount of English emigration has come in this Spring, bringing with them plenty of funds. Minnesota bids fair for a speedy settlement and most rapid improvement.

A Georgia Election.—A correspondent of the Chronotype, writing from Athens, Georgia, thus describes an election scene in the vicinity of the Georgia "gold diggings." "I was in this place last fall, during the election and witnessed some of the horrible and disgusting scenes, inseparable, in a community like this, from such occasions. I saw men who had sold their votes for a few glasses of *whiskey*, and had been kept drunk and under lock and key and guard, all night, and some of them perhaps for a week, led to the polls and made to vote for—no matter whom, some noisy parties are guilty of such proceedings! I saw men stand around the ballot box armed with heavy military sticks, and with pistols and bowie knives in their pockets, 'prepared,' as they said, 'to see justice done!' One man was pointed out to me who carried through the whole day an old horse-pistol in one side pocket, one of Colt's revolvers in the other, a bowie knife under his vest, and another in one of his boots! There was a good deal of excitement on that day, but both parties were *too well prepared*, and neither dared strike the first blow; so a collision was avoided."

Every Thing of Use.—A friend of ours, a gentleman of observation and reflection, informs us that the common bat, which many people consider an annoyance when it flies into and about their house during the fall and summer evenings, will destroy and effectually clear a room full of mosquitoes in a few minutes. He says they are perfectly harmless, and from repeated observations of their visits and business, he believes their object in visiting a room is to make a meal of the flies, mosquitoes & other small insects which collect there. He has watched them so closely as to both see them catch the insects & hear the fine snap of their teeth upon them. He, therefore, never drives a bat out of his room, as many people do, who do not know their usefulness.—*Phil. Ledger.*

A Frank of Nature.—A communication in the Boston Courier, from the late editor of that paper, states that Mr. William Carter, of Cambridge, has a healthy and well-formed calf, having a coat of wool instead of hair! There is no perceptible difference in the appearance of the animal's hide from that of a sheep of the same age. Like the sheep, the face and the lower part of the legs are covered with short and not very plain hair; the rest of the body has a covering of wool, which, to all appearance, may afford as liberal a shelter as a true Sheep of Malawi.

The *Ballyshannon Herald* contains the following: The poor in this locality are in the most wretched state of starvation we ever remember them; they have no employment, and

therefore no means of procuring food, that which is plenty and cheap—but what is to them when they cannot procure a penny! In the year of the blight they had public relief extended to them; now there is no such thing; they are more like skeletons than human beings. We saw a man last week offer a creel of turf which he had carried on his back from the Lough Side, a distance of seven miles, for a penny, and he declared he had not eaten a morsel of food for forty-eight hours. These are some of the people who are called upon to pay the rate in aid for their starving countrymen of the West and South. What will become of them we know not; if not speedily relieved they must die of starvation, while the stores are filled with food.

"We arrived here on the morning of March 15. We have 280 in all—142 men, 74 women, and 64 children. Several seceders, who had been led away by others, desired to rejoin us, but we refused to receive them. In no place is the air purer or the climate more healthy. The neighboring inhabitants have shown us the utmost sympathy, and seem to cherish a strong desire that we should form an establishment here. They desire this so much that they have shown a readiness to make sacrifices to facilitate our enterprise.

"We have hired some houses, farms and land. We have purchased horses and animals. We lodge in several large houses in the neighborhood, while we are waiting to erect a dwelling house of wood for all. We have a large refectory where we all take our meals together. We have our kitchen, our bakery, our butchery and our infirmary. Soon we shall have our school. Our shops for joiners, carpenters, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, shoemakers and machinists are organized and in operation for the community, while they are preparing to manufacture articles for sale. We are daily perfecting our organization, and soon it will be complete. We are about to establish a journal in French, German and English, which will make the Americans acquainted with our doctrines, our system, our establishment, our Icarian Community and our progress."

Cheese Factories in Ashland, O.—C. C. Wick, Esq., of Wayne, one of our most enterprising and business men, has recently erected his buildings and put in operation his "dairy," for the manufacture of cheese. He commands the product of 1,100 cows, owned in that and the adjacent townships, and employs men and teams who every morning take prescribed routes varying from five to miles each, and gather the "curds," which are neatly sacked by the dairymen and then brought to the factory, where the process of "cheese making" is completed.

This furnishes employ for a large number of men and women, and by the aid of recent improvements and machinery much of the labor requisite is rendered light, more convenient and simple than the usual mode. He had last week about 3,000 cheeses on hand, made within about thirty days, and for beauty and fine flavor they are not to be excelled. The weight of "curds" daily received amount in the aggregate to some 3,500 lbs., and the number of cheese made daily about 75, varying somewhat as regards size. They are put up in sacks and intended for the English, West India and California trades, and vary from 15 to 35 pounds—the former we believe are intended exclusively for the California market.

At Richmond, Meridian Barber, Esq., has another "factory," and situated so as to command the dairies of that town, Dorset, Andover and a portion of Cherry Valley. He receives the products of about the same number of cows, and makes about the same weight of cheese daily, and carried on in the same manner as Wick's, but his cheeses are uniform in size, averaging about 25 or 27 lbs. each,—are put up in the best possible manner and will command the highest rates in the home or foreign market.

By the adoption of this system it is made advantageous to the farmers, as they make contracts in the Spring for their "curds," which continue for the season, and are thus enabled to estimate very nearly their amount of resources, without reference to a fluctuating market. The price paid for curds the present season is 3 cents per pound, deducting therefrom the expense of teams for gathering, who receive a stipulated sum.—*Concord Reporter.*

Ravages of death in Ireland.

Rev. James Anderson, Rector of Ballinrobe, has addressed a fourth letter to Lord John Russell, on the state of the poor in his district. He says:

"Two aged women, sisters of Enagh, more than seven miles from Clifden, being famine-stricken, killed their own dog, boiled it, and then partook of the flesh and soup! On the following day one of them died! All this was distinctly deposed on oath before John Dopping, Esq., resident magistrate, by a most credible person, Austin Malley, who saw with his own eyes a portion of the dog boiling in the pot, and also saw another portion laid aside for the next meal! This happened during the last year, as did also the following: At the Summer Assizes of Galway, a poor man was convicted for having stolen a calf. Twelve months' imprisonment was the sentence about being passed upon him by Baron Lefroy, when Mr. Dopping, knowing the dreadful circumstances under which the act was committed, requested permission of his lordship to say a word in behalf of the prisoner. He (Mr. Dopping) then informed the Court that four of the poor man's children had died of starvation, that the husband and wife had been brought from Kilkerrin to Clifden, upward of twenty miles; that the wife, on being conveyed from the car to the Bridewell, was found to be dead through the exhaustion of famine, and that they had both (a short time before her death) declared that such were the extremities to which they had been reduced, that they had absolutely eaten a portion of the legs of one of their children; that in order to come at the truth if possible, the bodies of the said children were exhumed, and that the appearance of mutilation, as stated, was visible. The recital of such a tragedy moved the benevolent Judge himself to tears, and constrained him to a commutation of the sentence to that of some trifling nominal punishment. Let it not be said, my lord, that these are by-gone tales, because, indeed, they occurred in the past year; for I can with truth assure your lordship that, independently of what I daily witness myself, every one I meet, in every grade of life, has something so mournful to relate that no language can depict the miserable condition of the whole West of Ireland. The police themselves can best attest it, for they are discovering dead bodies among the walls of ruined habitations—or rather hovels—and find the frightful prey of rats and scavengerous. Thus it is, my lord, that the famine progresses; and oh! how awful the prospect for at least two or three months to come!"

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"Books that are Books."—The world does move. You may verify it by inquiring into the literary tastes and mental habits of our people. The standard of public taste is gradually rising. The yellow-covered deluge is subsiding; and those who were first moved to read by a prurient curiosity or a morbid appetite for fanciful moonshine, are fast betaking themselves to better books. Any of our extensive booksellers will satisfy you that far more good books in comparison to the worthless are sold now than there were ten or even five years ago. History, Biography, Topography, but above all works of Natural Science are fast supplanting the great mass of Novels.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Short Sighted Star-gazer.—On the day of an Eclipse, when all the inhabitants of Paris were without doors, provided with telescopes and pieces of smoked glass, an Englishman was seen driving furiously in a fiacre along one of the principal streets.

"Where does my lord wish to go?" said the driver.

"To see the eclipse," exclaimed the Englishman, thrusting his head out of the coach window; "only drive up as near to as possible, for I am short-sighted."

DOING IT BEFOREHAND.—Dennis, darlint, ock, Dennis, what is it you're doing?" "Whist, Biddy, I'm trying an experiment!" "Murder, what is it?" "What is it, did you say? Why, it's giving hot water to the chickens, I am, so they will be after laying boiled eggs."

A gentleman, who at breakfast the other morning, broke an egg, and disturbed the repose of a sentimental looking young biddy, called the waiter and insinuated that he did not like to have a bill presented 'till he had done eating."

Pretty Good.—The Editor of the Yankee Blade gives the following among other "Hints on Matrimony":—"Don't be surprised, if, after you have sailed smoothly eight or ten months on the voyage of matrimony, you are suddenly overtaken by squalls."

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